

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1824.

Number 24.

POETRY

FOR THE OBSERVER.

BLUE DEVILS.

Ye saucy elves, who'er ye are,
Of blue, or black I do not care,
I will not have you dance in air
About my noddle.

Some call you "Tigrou," some the "Horrors,"
But of all the grimest terrors
Which men afflict with bitter sorrows,
Ye are the foremost.

Say, Mr. Blue Devil, whence you come?
From your own smoky, stinking home?
Where sinners' ghosts, and such folk roam,
Just like yourself?

When men are airy castles building,
When they their golden joys are gilding,
And to their golden fancies yielding,
Ye crack their visions.

Your gloom, ye mingle with their pleasure;
Ye woe their joys, with fullest measure,
And make men think their shining treasure
A drossy lubble.

When raptures bright the bosom work,
Close by, with cloven foot, ye'll lurk,
And with your bloody little dirk
Give them a stabbing.

When brisk with wine, the dance we're joining,
And full of bliss, ye raised such whining,
Such wail and long and long repining,
Ye fright our conscience.

When we with love and pleasure please us,
Ye will with frightful visions tease us,
And bid the villain, I am, seize us
In all our goings.

When we the thread of joy are spinning
And life's sweet honey-comb are winning,
Ye call this sportive game, a *swining*,
And clip the thread off.

No pills or drops will cure or kill you,
No stone, to dust can ever mill you,
Nor deadly poison ever thrill you
With pangs of dying.

If, worthless elf, ye thrust your nose
In, to disturb my sweet repose,
I'll bang your head with such thick blows,
That you will rue it.

I'll seize my cag of "O-be-joyful,"
I'll lay it round your ears so woful,
That you shall cry enough, a wail full
Of such like drubbing.

I'll simmer every ounce your marrow,
I'll make you sup most bitter sorrow
In all the pangs of keenest horror,
That flesh is heir to.

If ye shall near me throw your carcass,
I'll kick you headlong down the steepest scarp,
Till you shall wonder at so rare a case
Of your sad downfall.

And when within my vengeance wreaking
Ye put your pate, a woful tweaking,
I'll give your nose, and hang you reeking
In regions airy.

Like Satan with, I'll jump astride you,
And to a thorny saddle bridle you,
Then through earth's roughest tumble ride you,
Till ye look sorry.

For provender I'll give you gravel,
O'er red hot bridges make you travel,
Till ye can neither cheat nor cavil,
As ye are us'd to.

Fly then, Blue Devil—save your lace,
Or racks shall set your heart to ache,
And give your bones a horrid quaking
With fit of ague.

CIMON.

RECAPITULATION OF HULL'S LETTERS.

[Concluded from our last.]

FROM THE LONDON STATESMAN.

Memoirs of the Campaign of the North West-
ern Army in 1812.

The effort to open the communication by the detachments under Major Vanhorne and Colonel Miller, proving abortive, and before the one under Col. M'Arthur marched, I stated, to some of my principal officers, that from the information I had received, it was evident that the whole force of the enemy, of all descriptions, from the east part of Upper Canada, from Michilimackinac, and from Lake Michigan, were proceeding to join the forces at Malden; that the lake was closed against us; that the road which we had opened from Ohio was obstructed by hostile savages, and that no forces from our country were prepared for its protection; that the provisions were nearly exhausted, and a supply could not be obtained from any quarter; and that, under these circumstances I suggested the expediency of making a movement of the army to the foot of the rapids of the Miami, and there act as circumstances might require. The answer to this was, as appears by Col. Cass' testimony, that the men, or soldiers, did not think such a measure necessary, and if the orders were given they would not be obeyed.

This circumstance I have repeated to show the materials of which my army was composed, and the difficulties which attended my situation. Had this measure, at that time, been carried into effect, the army probably would have been saved.

On the 15th of August, the day after M'Arthur and Cass marched to the river Raisin, the British forces, with the militia and savages attending them, marched from Malden to Sandwich, opposite to Detroit, with Gen. Brock at their head. His letter, demanding surrender

of Detroit, and my answers have been recited. I immediately sent an express, strongly escorted, to M'Arthur and Cass, with orders to return with all possible expedition to Detroit; stating that Gen. Brock had arrived with the reinforcements from Fort George, &c. &c. My situation had now become most critical. The effective strength of two of my regiments was absent at the river Raisin, for the purpose of opening the communication, and guarding necessary supplies, intended for my camp. The British troops which had composed the garrisons on the east end of the lake, with the reinforcements from the various parts of Upper Canada, had arrived, and, together with the forces at Malden, were now encamped at Sandwich, opposite to Detroit. Information was received, that the Canadian militia were coming upon me from every quarter. If the force had been brought from so many necessary points of defence to bear upon my army, I could not imagine. What possible reasons could have induced General Brock to draw his troops from the vital part of his province, and leave his most important posts exposed to be taken by our troops on the Niagara river, was truly mysterious. Could I have supposed that a suspension of hostilities had taken place in that quarter, it seems reasonable that it would have been under the condition for the two belligerent parties to have been confined to that location in which they were situated at the commencement of the truce.

By a reference to the preceding numbers, it will appear, by the letter from the Secretary of War to General Dearborn, that he was commanded by the President to concentrate his troops on the Niagara river, invade Upper Canada from that quarter, attack the enemy's posts, and co-operate with the forces under my command. It will further appear, that he did not carry these orders into effect, but agreed to the armistice which has been mentioned, which must have been authorised by the President, because it was disapproved in the most pointed language. My army not being included in the measure, and, as has been observed, no condition having been made, that the troops should remain in the situation they were, during its continuance, the effect it had on my operations is too evident to be here repeated; it must be considered as the principal and immediate fatal cause of the disasters of the campaign.

After the capitulation, I first learned from the lips of the British commander the true state of the case—that the army of General Dearborn had been eight days in operation, and that that circumstance alone had enabled him to bring such a force against me.

Early in the morning of the 16th August, General Brock landed his force at the Spring Wells, three miles below Detroit, under cover of the guns of his navy. From the date of the facts contained in the two numbers I have mentioned, I presume you must be satisfied, that his effective force was more than three times greater than mine, and that he might have brought to his standard more than ten times my number, before I could have received any assistance. This will appear, from the knowledge of the numbers which originally composed my army, by the killed and wounded in the battles which had been fought, by sickness and a variety of other casualties, and likewise from the return of the Adjutant General, Major Jessup, and the testimony of Colonel Cass. Being at this time not only the General of the Army but the Governor of the Territory, and without instructions, as to the course I should pursue, all the measures were entrusted to my discretion. Being responsible for the safety of the inhabitants, it became my duty, if it was possible, to adopt such measures as would effect that object.

My situation was such, that there was no possibility of affording the inhabitants protection, further than the balls from the cannon in the fort could be carried. These inhabitants were scattered over a territory of several hundred miles. The savages had invaded every part of this territory, and while the contest lasted, there was nothing which could restrain their barbarity. The work of desolation and cruelty had commenced, and nearly half my effective force was absent, and from the time it had marched and the orders it had received from me, I had reason to believe it was nearly fifty miles distant from me. With the feeble force under my command, I did not believe there was the most distant prospect of success, in the event of a battle; and had the forces at Detroit been defeated, the fate of the detachment under M'Arthur and Cass would have been inevitable. From the information I had received with respect to General Brock's force, there could have been little hope indeed of victory. What was, however, decisive on my mind was, my situation even in a possible event of success over his white force. I should have then been without provisions, as will appear by the evidence contained in my twentieth number; and I had no means of obtaining possession of the enemy's navy, and opening my communication over the lake. It would in this case have become a war with savages, who would have been aided by all the remaining forces of Upper Canada, and the navy on the lake. In addition to the savage force, which was with General Brock, I have

produced evidence to show that several thousands of this description were descending the lakes from the North and from the West. Had my army, however, not been divided, and had the detachment absent with M'Arthur and Cass, equal to about one half of my effective force, been with me, or had I received the least information, that it had been in a situation where, by any possibility, it could have co-operated, I should have risked the consequences of a battle; and those officers would have had an opportunity of proving by their deeds the valor which has been only manifested by their words.

Under the circumstances which existed after the enemy landed, and no information having been obtained from M'Arthur and Cass, I determined to send a flag of truce, open a treaty, and accept the best terms which could be obtained. For this purpose, I authorized two commissioners, Colonels Miller and Brush, to negotiate on the subject.

By the articles of capitulation, protection and safety were secured to the inhabitants of Michigan in their persons and property. All the militia, both of Michigan and Ohio, returned immediately to their homes and none were retained as prisoners excepting the few Regulars consisting then of little over two hundred. This measure, under the circumstances, was dictated in my opinion by a sense of duty and attended with less public calamity than any other which could have been adopted, and I was willing to assume, and in my official communication to the Government took, the whole responsibility of it on myself. It required more firmness and independence than any other act of my life—it was dictated by my best judgment and a conscientious regard to what I believed to be my duty, and I now sincerely rejoice, and there never has been a moment that I have not rejoiced, notwithstanding all I have suffered, that I dared thus independently to do my duty. Had that contest continued, every moment would have been attended with greater disasters, and I availed myself of the only measure in my power to put an end to such calamities. In the capitulation I made no provision for myself, and was ordered to Montreal an unconditional prisoner. A provision was made for all the officers and soldiers of the militia, and they immediately returned to their homes. Col. Cass, taking advantage of my situation after the indulgence I had procured for him, proceeded directly to Washington where he was most graciously received by the administration, and then presented an account of the campaign, before it had been possible for me to have made any communication. This letter, written by himself, giving particular details of events, of which he had no knowledge, as he was absent when they took place, was received by the administration and published as an official account in all the newspapers throughout the United States. Search, fellow citizens, the annals of history, and I am persuaded, such an outrage cannot be found. While I was a prisoner, my other officers, for whose liberation I had provided in the treaty, followed Colonel Cass to Washington, and seeing the favors and patronage he had received by his representations, imitated his example, and were not disappointed in their rewards.

From one end of the continent to the other, the same newspapers which had published Cass' letter, were filled with a series of the most scandalous falsehoods to excite your resentment against me, and before I was exchanged, and yet a prisoner, the plot, which is unfolded in my 29th number by the letter of the Secretary of War to General Dearborn, was sealed for my final destruction. As soon as General Dearborn could make arrangements for my exchange, I was arrested, capital charges were preferred against me, and a Court Martial was ordered to assemble at Philadelphia for my trial, of which Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton was appointed the President. In conformity to the orders of the President, I appeared, ready for my trial. But without any reasons being assigned, this Court Martial was dissolved in the manner I have stated. I was continued by the administration a prisoner in arrest another year, that ample time might be afforded for selecting such a Court Martial, and patronising and promoting officers, who, in their testimony, would give opinions which would effect the object of the plot, which had been formed. After thus remaining a prisoner for this length of time, which I believe is unexampled in military history, and every preparation being made, I was ordered to appear at Albany for my trial the beginning of January, 1814. At this Court Martial I requested the privilege of being heard by Counsel. The Court denied me such aid. In the progress of the trial, the opinions of witnesses were admitted as evidence to prove entire charges against me. The character of these witnesses has been fully shewn. They were officers of no military knowledge or experience, and many of them deeply interested in the event of the trial, and had nothing to recommend them but the patronage and promotion they had received immediately after my unfortunate campaign, but previously to their appearing to testify against me.

The Court Martial of which General Dearborn was President, was selected the 7th day of November, 1813, during the administration of John Armstrong over the Department of War, and this Court was not dissolved until the first

of March, or the beginning of April, 1814. Thus was established a new military precedent, and it must be recorded in the history of our country, that the commander in chief of the American army, at a most critical period of the war, for about four months, relinquished his high duties as commanding General, and performed subordinate duties on a Court Martial, to which the youngest General in the army was competent. The question will naturally arise, what motive could have induced so unprecedented an arrangement? A constant correspondence was kept up between the Court Martial and the Secretary of War, and directions were given respecting the manner of proceeding. See appendix to my trial, page 29. In some of the public newspapers, it is said I am ungrateful for the lenity which Mr. Madison, the President, has shown me. As I never asked him or the Court Martial for mercy, but only for justice, I cannot feel under any obligations to either. The truth is, fellow citizens, the administration well knew your independent spirit and sense of right, and dared not execute that sentence, which injustice had pronounced. The Secretary was the same John Armstrong, who has the reputation of having commenced his career at Newburg, 1783, and ended it at Bladensburg, in 1814. The two events here alluded to are well known and must make a part of the history of our country. The one will be the highest credit to the virtue and unshaken patriotism of the revolutionary army, in resisting a most artful and insidious attempt to induce them to turn those arms against their country which had been employed in acquiring its independence. The other must stand as a monument of disgrace to those to whom the protection of the country was entrusted, and particularly to the officer at the head of the department of War, at whose disposal was placed the forces and means of national safety.

After I received the order to invade the enemy's territory, all the operations were entrusted to my discretion. This discretion was exercised according to my best judgment. The dictates of duty alone influenced my conduct. Had I consulted my feelings alone, and not been guided by this principle, I should have pursued a very different course. To perform what I then believed and what I now believe to have been my duty, it was necessary to call into exercise more firmness and more energy, than on any other occasion during my life. If it will be any satisfaction to my enemies, I am now willing to acknowledge, that I dare not do that which my best judgment and duty forbid. Considerations of personal fame, compared to duty, were as a feather in one scale to a mountain in the other.

My respect, fellow citizens, for your discernment and judgment, induces me to leave the application of the facts and evidence, contained in the preceding numbers to your own deliberations; with my sincere thanks for the candor which has been already manifested, I am, with affection and respect, your fellow citizen.

WILLIAM HULL.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

"How to Escape from a Mad Bull. If the bull pursues, throw yourself down on all fours, chuck the flap of your coat over your head, and utter a loud shout; the bull will turn on his heels, and the fight will be mutual; as to tame cows, the trick may be played with impunity; they will dance off in ludicrous curves, whisking their tails in the air, as if a bunch of nettles were close thereby abiding."

Upon these instructions the editor of the London John Bull received the subjoined letter:

"MONDAY, Sept. 6, 1824.

"DEAR JOHN—I have just read with great pleasure and edification an article in the Courier of Saturday last, which, I dare say has not escaped your notice; it is entitled, 'How to Escape from a Mad Bull.' But the instructions appear to me to be rather incomplete; for supposing the plan to have been adopted, and the body brought into the horizontal position therein recommended, it does not say which end of it is to be turned towards the bull; I presume it should be the head, for (having been bred a soldier) I think it would be very unwise to expose your rear to the enemy while both that and your flanks were uncovered. In cases of such importance as the safety of our fellow-creatures, the directions should be full and clear leaving nothing open to doubt or conjecture. Another omission is of still greater importance; the advice, as it is there worded seems intended only for men, but as the fair sex are equally liable to the danger, it is surely ungallant and unkind not to think of them; and therefore I wish to ask, through your widely circulated paper, whether the writer would recommend the same mode to the ladies, and if not, that he would suggest some other, equally easy and efficacious, for their sakes. It is but the other day that we read of a countess and her sister being in great danger from the attack of a bull; that, indeed, was said to have been an Indian bull, but it is not long since an English bull, that was neither mad nor vicious, although he could not be called quite a tame one, made a run at a Queen, to the great terror of her Majesty and all her friends, and could she have escaped him by the mode advised in the Courier, I doubt not it would have been adopted without hesitation. I remain, dear John, your's sincerely,
PAT."

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ADDRESS TO MY PIPE.

Come friendly Pipe and puff away
Sadness—and let not sorrow stay.
Thy cheering influence oft abounds,
While passing through earth's thirsome rounds.
When gloomy thoughts distract my mind,
Much comfort from thy fumes I find;
Like Job's smoke, 'tis thine to chase
The evil spirits from the place.
When pain and anxious cares would vex me sore,
My friendly Pipe will drive them out of door;
And dark desponding thoughts no place can find,
It turns them out, and gives them to the wind.
Thy breath is but a puff, though void of speech,
A monitor thou art, and much dost teach,
Thy cloudy curling fumes in silence say,
"Life like my smoke, will quickly pass away."
Thou soother of care and solace of woe,
Much comfort at times thy breathings bestow.

C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Republican Advocate.
ESTIMATION OF CHARACTER.

Judge not according to appearance; but judge righteous judgment, was an injunction of wisdom, and a strict adherence to this precept is in nothing more important, than in the estimation of character.

There have been instances when the most valuable persons have been traduced through malice and prejudice: men of whom the world was not worthy have been persecuted to death, and treated as the vilest miscreants upon the face of the earth. And what is more astonishing, men whose virtues and talents have shown most conspicuously, have frequently raised the envy and inveterate malice of their contemporaries. And this has been the case in every age of the world, and under every form of government.

Jesus was stilled under the triumph of his enemies; so that he, who, had twice saved Rome from destruction, was put to death as the enemy of his country.

But in no instance on record, was ever innocence and godlike virtue more maliciously opposed, than in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, in whom no fault could be found; who went about doing good; who spoke as never man spoke; whose meat and drink it was to do the will of God; he testified in truth that he sought not his own will but the will of him that sent him; whether in obedience or suffering, he said—"not my will but thine be done;" yet Jesus was considered as mad; as a gluttonous man and a wine bibber; as a friend of publicans and sinners; as a blasphemer and deceiver of the people; as under the influence of Satan; as unlearned and ignorant; as a transgressor of the divine laws; his words were misapprehended and disfigured, and his sayings so mangled as to pervert his doctrine into falsehood and inconsistency; so that finally he was accused by false witnesses and condemned by the Jewish Sanhedrim as a blasphemer. That generation were incapable of forming a just estimation of the character of him, who, was in the image of God. But do we not judge rashly and inconsistently of the Deity himself; and therefore it is no wonder if we err in our judgment of his servants and followers.

The character of Luther was so infamously traduced in Europe, that millions of simple hearted people in catholic countries considered him as an incarnate devil. He was a monster of iniquity, say the Papists, and it will yet require time for the world to have a just estimation of the character of that man of God.

The timidity of truth and the practice of virtue are so opposite to the maxims and devices of the world, that wherever it comes it turns the "world upside down;" it makes the first last, and the last first; it condemns what mankind highly esteem and it approves and exalts what men count odious and vile.

True worth is but little understood; it is a pearl which swine know not the value of, so have the saints of God been trodden under foot of man; and the chief corner stone has been rejected by the wise builders of this earth; cast away as a thing of naught, though essential to the very existence of the building.

It requires wisdom to perceive it in others and without virtue in ourselves we shall never estimate it as it deserves. The worst of men manage to get the praise of men; in all their actions this is their aim, seeking the honor of man, and verify they have their reward! But those who seek the honor that cometh from God only, must not expect the approbation of the wicked nor the praises of the proud and ignorant. Though this is highly esteemed among men, it is naught in the sight of God, and it ought to be so in the estimation of all good men. In forming our estimation of character, let us judge nothing before the time: we must require fruit and proof that it is good fruit.

AMANA.

From the Treadon N. J. Emporium.

THE SILVER SIXPENCE.

"Do you see here," said a ragged little boy, to a group of young, gaily dressed youths, as he came up from Market street wharf in Philadelphia, "do you see here I've got a silver sixpence. They all set up a hearty laugh—why said Jeremiah Budd, whose father was a wealthy shipper, I have six silver dollars to spend at Christmas—and that fellow is proud of sixpence. Theodore heard it, and looked thoughtfully at the ground for a moment—then recollecting himself "six dollars to spend," muttered he, "but sixpence to keep is better than that."

Theodore kept his sixpence in his pocket carefully wrapped up for several weeks, when one day his uncle, who kept a fruit shop at the

corner of the alley where he lived, said to him, Theodore, your sixpence don't grow in your pocket—you should plant it. The little boy understood him better when he told him that, if he pleased, he might buy some fruit in the market with it, and stand in his shop and sell it out again.

He embraced the offer; doubled his money the first day, and went on until he had as much fruit to sell as he had room for in his little corner.

His uncle observing the thrifty, and withal, honest turn of the boy, finally took him into his store, as an assistant, and allowed him to trade in sundry specified articles on his own account. The closest attention to business; the most careful management of his small funds, and that run of good luck as it is called, which generally runs with those who are saving, industrious and prudent, in the course of three or four years enabled him to go into full partnership with his uncle, and to extend the business to double its former amount.

Having trimmed his sails right at first, it had become a kind of second nature with Theodore, to keep what the sailors would call close to the wind; and he made head way astonishingly now. Soon after he was twenty-one he was able to buy out the whole stock of a dry goods merchant, and to go into that business on his own account entirely. Still he prospered; became an importer; changed, finally, his business for a wholesale concern—embarked in the India Trade; and at last married a fine girl whose fortune was little inferior to his own, and it was said after that occurrence, that he was worth no less than half a million.

Theodore now lived in an elegant mansion in Arch-street; kept his carriage and every thing in pretty style; yet attended as usual to his business. That he might never lose sight of the origin of his good fortune, the silver sixpence was blended with the arms upon his carriage—it formed the seal with which he stamped his letters, and he had one of the coins, he used to say the very identical one he first owned, fastened upon his desk in the counting room. Remembering thus constantly that by small means he had risen; he still aimed much well bestowed charity, and in the constant practice of true even benevolence, looked well to small things, and never forgot how to reckon pence as well as pounds.

Thus smoothly were Theodore's affairs going forward, when one sultry summer's day just as he had entered his counting room, a thin, squalid figure presented itself at the counter and asked for employment. He wore a threadbare suit of black, an old hat, and his shoes were almost ready to drop from his feet. In what capacity asked Theodore, do you wish for employment? In any capacity, was the reply—but, sir, continued the stranger, wiping a tear from his eye with his coat sleeve, my father was a merchant, and he brought me up to his profession—I should therefore be glad of employment as a clerk.

Theodore looked at the man closely. He thought he saw some lineament he remembered. What is your name?—he asked. The stranger hesitated a moment; hung down his head, and replied in a low whisper—Jeremiah Budd? Ah, said Theodore, recollecting him instantly, and you have got clear of your six dollars long ago, I fancy, Jeremiah.—Yes, said Jeremiah with a sigh, but I have not forgotten the ragged little boy with the silver sixpence. Had I been half as careful of my thousands as he was of his pence, I should not have been here friendless and penniless to day.

There was a half triumphant smile on Theodore's face, as he took the hand of his visitor, which seemed to spring from much self complacent feeling, but was excusable because it arose partly from the consciousness of his ability to aid one whose imprudence had caused his misfortune, but who now appeared to see and confess his error. He took the applicant into his employ, and in process of time restored him into the business doing world, an active, prudent and valuable man.

The lesson taught in this story, is too plain to need a word in addition. I will simply ask—where is the needy man, who has not spent more money foolishly in his life, than would be necessary to make him comfortable now?

Locked Jaw.—Several years ago, during a conversation in Newport, upon that dreadful malady the Locked Jaw, an intelligent master of a vessel observed, that when he was at the Island of St. Eustatia he had heard an eminent physician remark, that he had many cases of the Locked Jaw, and never lost a patient. On inquiry of the particular mode of treatment in which he had been so successful, the physician replied, that he directed an application of warm lye, made of ashes, as strong as possible; if the foot or hand was wounded, the same was dipped repeatedly into the lye; and if a part of the body, which could not be immersed in it, then in that case the part affected to be bathed with flannels wrung out from the warm lye. In July last, Capt. Charles Gordon of Newport, unfortunately jumped upon a scraggy pointed stake, which perforated his foot and foot, and he was taken home in the most excruciating torture—the attending physician could afford him no relief. Providentially a lady, who heard the above conversation, recommended the warm lye bath, into which his foot was placed—within 15 minutes the anguish was taken out: he went to bed and slept quietly. The application of lye was made for ten succeeding days; no pain, no uneasy sensation returned, but what is incident to a common sore, and on the eleventh day, Captain Gordon walked abroad.

Newport Mercury.

Loss of Time.—Should the greatest part of the people sit down, and draw up a particular account of their time, what a shameful bill would it be? so much extraordinary for eating, drinking, and sleeping, beyond what nature requires; so much in revelling and wantonness; so much for the recovery of last night's intemperance; so much in paying and receiving formal impertinent visits, in idle and foolish prating, in censuring and reviling our neighbors; so much in dressing our bodies, and talking of fashions; and so much wasted and lost in doing nothing.

HUMOROUS DEPARTMENT.

Who is Delicate?—This is really a puzzling question, for we every day see things practised by the most scrupulous persons, which we should a priori consider as very thing but delicate.

Are wedding visits altogether delicate? Women of the nicest virtue, such is the force of custom, see nothing in them to raise the slightest scruple. Is visiting, is opera dancing, compatible with propriety and female delicacy? We shall reply to this debatable question, by the following anecdote: When her late majesty of the Sandwich Islands visited the opera, she was rather shocked at the voluptuous and significant attitudes of some of the dancers and figurantes. Astonished at the liberal display of limb, and fearful as to what extremity the performers might be hurried into during the delirium of their movements, her majesty hinted to some of her suite the propriety of retiring: "Madam," said one of her attendants, "however repugnant it may be to your delicacy, you must stop. Do you not perceive that your retiring under the present circumstances would be the cruellest libel in the world, on all the ladies in the house. Besides it would be prudery in your majesty to affect to be shocked at an entertainment which English ladies can contemplate with so much complacency, for have we not been told over and over again, that English women are the most virtuous under the sun?"

National Prejudice.—Not many years ago, a gentleman, lately from Scotland, called on Mr. — at his seat near Boston, for whom he had some letters. While walking in his garden, abounding in excellent fruit, the latter observed, that show him what he would, his guest insisted he had seen "nauckle better in Scotland." Determined, however, to surprise him, he privately ordered his servant to tie some gourds on a tall pear tree, whilst they were at dinner. When the cloth was removed, "Now, sir," said Mr. — "I think I can show you something you never saw in Scotland," and taking him to the tree, he asked the astonished Scotchman what he thought of that. "In troth, sir," quoth he, "they are varra fine piers, indeed; but I think I have seen full as large in the duke of Argyll's gardens, though I must confess that they had na quite sic lang naicks."

A Lesson for Quarrelsome People.—M. La Motte, a gentleman of great celebrity in Paris, incurred the displeasure of a furious polemic. He was assailed by him with all that malice could invent, or credulity swallow. M. La Motte was silent. He smiled and made some trivial, but good natured remark. He persevered in his system. Again—he remained at his ease. At last the outraged fanatic, driven to extremities, published his last, with this imposing title "A reply to the silence of M. La Motte!"

Negro Wit.—Some few weeks ago, a gentleman crossed the Potomac eastward, below Bladensburg, being destined for that place. Coming to the main road, he turned to the right instead of the left. Having travelled about a mile, he overtook a black man, and inquired whether he was on the right road to Bladensburg. "Yesse, massa," was the answer, "you are on the right road to Bladensburg, but you must turn your horse's head t'other way, or you will never get there."

Irish Economy.—At a late Assize in Ireland, two men were condemned to be hanged. On receiving their sentence, one of them addressed the Judge, and said he had two favors to ask of him. "What are they?" said his Lordship. "Please your Honor," said Pat, "will you let me hang this man before I am hanged myself?" "What is the other request?" said the Judge. "Why please your Honor," continued Pat, "will you let my wife hang me, for she will do it more tenderly than the hang-man, and then what she will receive for the two jobs, will help the poor creature to pay her rent."

A nobleman of the "fast anchored isle," once advertised for an English servant. Fat hearing of this, applied for the situation. On being questioned of what he was, he replied "an Englishman to be sure." And where was you born? "In Dublin, surely," said Pat. Born in Dublin, replied the nobleman, and an Englishman, how can that be? "Why please your honor," said Pat, "spose a man is born in a stable, is that any reason he should be a horse?"

A sailor passing one day through the town of Liverpool, and having occasion to buy shoes, cast his eyes about in order to find out a shop in which he could suit himself to his satisfaction. He had not walked far, when he saw the words, "Adam Strong, shoemaker," in capital letters over the door. As the householder had not wasted much of his time in the study of orthography he read it thus—"I am strong shoemaker." "This is the man for my money," said Jack, "for I want a damn strong pair of shoes."

A gentleman asked a country clergyman for the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his. "I really do not know," said the clergyman, "how to refuse you, but if the young man should preach better than me, my congregation will be dissatisfied with me afterwards; and if he should preach worse, I don't think he's fit to preach at all."

Simplicity.—A countryman giving evidence in a court, was asked by the counsel, if he was born in Ireland? "No Sir," (answered the man) "I was born in Devonshire."

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a school-master to a country boy—"Because he had no knife," replied the boy.

The Bishop of Dorsetshire had a slovenly custom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the house of Peers, relating to a provision for officers' widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other, as usual, in his breeches; and beginning to speak, I have something in my hand, my Lords, said he, for the benefit of officers' widows—Upon which the Duke of Wharton immediately interrupting him, asked, In which hand, my Lord?

A remarkable marriage was recently celebrated at Bordeaux. The bride had reached her 85th year, and the bridegroom his 75th; united ages 160 years!

When the Duke de Nivernois, who was a little thin man, arrived in London, (in 1764,) Mr. Charles Townsend observed, that the French had sent the preliminaries of a man to sign the preliminaries of peace.

A German journalist, in translating an article lately from an English paper, announced that a certain English nobleman amused himself every morning before breakfast by killing a number of peasants on his estate; upon which fact he entered into a long diatribe against the English nobility.

A gentleman on circuit, narrating to Lord Northbury some extravagant feats in the sporting way, mentioned amongst other achievements, that he had lately shot 33 hares before breakfast. "Thirty-three hares!" exclaimed his lordship, "sounds, Sir, then you must have been firing at a wig."

Misery.—Being obliged to quit a comfortable party, to attend a crabbed old maid to her lodgings, two miles off. [A deep sigh, and 305 groans.]

SALE AT AUCTION.

OXFORD, ss. TAKEN by execution and will be sold at Public Auction on the twenty-fifth of November next, at the dwelling house of ADIGAIL OSGOOD, in Fryeburg in said county, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right which CALEB WARREN has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: certain tracts or parcels of Land, situate in Denmark, in said County, numbered forty, forty-two, fifty-two, and forty-five ne. the foot of Pleasant Mountain.—Also, Lot numbered one, second part on which said Warren's farm stands, and Lot numbered three on which his house formerly stood.—The above named Lots are estimated to contain four hundred and forty-five acres, be the same more or less.

Said described real estate is mortgaged to secure the payment of two hundred seventy one dollars and five cents—as appears by said Warren's mortgage deed to Oliver Griswold and James Weston, dated December first eighteen hundred and eighteen. Terms made known at the time and place of sale, A. McALLAN, Deputy Sheriff, Fryeburg, November 20th, 1834.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss. WHEREAS warrants have been issued from Henry Rust, Esq. Treasurer of said County of Oxford, and have been committed to me, against the following unimproved Tracts and Townships of LAND, situated in said County, for the County tax assessed thereon, for the year 1833, as follows, viz:

TRACTS.	Amount of Tax.
Township Letter 1, - - -	\$0 70
do. No. 1, Letter A, - - -	6 62
do. No. 2, Letter A, - - -	9 39
do. No. 4, Range 4, - - -	7 59
do. No. 3, Range 3, - - -	6 62
do. Letter B, - - -	6 49
do. No. 4, - - -	6 54
do. No. 7, - - -	7 24
Hamlin's Grant, - - -	51
Andover Surplus, North, - - -	3 95

Now, therefore, I give notice, that unless said taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, I shall, pursuant to said warrants, sell at Public Auction, at the Court House, in Paris, in said County, on Wednesday, the twenty-sixth day of January next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said several Tracts of LAND, as will discharge the taxes and intervening charges on each of them respectively. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff of said County. Dated at Hebron, this 25th day of November, 1834. (6w* 22)

COLLEGE LANDS.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber, the following lots of LAND, belonging to Harvard College, viz:

IN FRYEBURG.		
Lot 44,	1st Division,	58 acres.
" 22,	2nd do.	51 do.
" 10,	3d do.	50 do.
" 18,	5th do.	about 75 do.
IN LIVERMORE.		
Lot 70,	100 acres.	Lot 149, 100 acres.
IN REYFORD.		
Lot 16,	1st Division,	80 acres.
" 33,	2nd do.	100 do.
" 47,	3d do.	148 do.
IN JAY.		
Lot 8,	13th range,	100 acres.
IN BETHEL.		
Lot 13,	9th range,	100 acres.
" 13,	10th do.	100 do.

PRENTISS MELLE, Agent. Portland, Nov. 1, 1834. Jan 1

HORACE SEAYER,

Chambers over No's. 1 and 3, Mitchell's Building, PORTLAND.

(Entrance at No. 2.) HAS JUST RECEIVED, on consignment, a large assortment of

American, English, French, and India GOODS—such as:

Bales brown SHIRTING and SHEETING;
Do. Bleached do. do;
Do. Washington TICKING;
Do. Northbridge and Wrentham do;
Do. PLAIDS, STRIPES and CHECKS;
Do. Cotton YARN, all numbers;
Do. BATTING, for Comforters;
70 Pieces SATINETTS, blue, drab and mixed;
30 do. BROADCLOTHS and CASSIMERES;
50 do. FLANNELS, assorted colors;
150 do. BOMBAZETTS, assorted colors, figs and plain;
100 do. American CALICOES;
200 do. English do.
do. 4-4 French do.

Gorman and Flag Handkerchiefs.—Cotton Flags, and Madras do; Merino, silk and cotton Shawls; Black, blue and green silk Velvet; Black and Velvet and silk Vesting; Valencia do; Carabos Plaids; Black sewing Silk; Boxes Gauze; Fig's Plaid, and Taffeta Ribbons; Galoons; 100 gross Fancy Silk Buttons; Black, Sarsnets; Green France; Black, Drab and Green Lavantines; Red Striped and Fig'd Gros de Naples; Sewing Cottons, all numbers and colors; Boxes Cotton Balls; Knitting Cottons; 300 gross Glass and Metal Buttons; Writing, Wrapping, Printing, Sheathing and Book Paper; Binders and Baudbox Boards; Looking Glasses; Men's Women's and Children's Shoes and Leather SHOES; which will be sold at such prices as cannot fail to please. Oct. 30. 13

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GOODS.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

HAS just received, and offers for sale, at very low prices for cash,

Bombazetts, various colors and prices; Carolina and Scotch Plaids; Cassimeres and Imitations Shawls; Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs; Tully Vests; Spawchaw and Lustrous Silks; Naikins, Cantons and Italian Crapes; Cape Dresses; Ribbons, a large variety; French, Brails; Silk and Kid Gloves; Cotton and Worsted Hosiery; Black and colored Sewing Silk and Twist; Real trouble gilt Coat and Vest Buttons; cheap Coat and Vest ditto; Glass and gilt Buttons; Waist Patches; Claps; Snaps; Hooks and Eyes, &c. &c.

Also—Green, red and yellow Flannels; Satinets; Sheetings; Shirtings; Ginghams; Bedtickings; Cotton Yarn, warranted good, or no sale; Knitting; Wicking, &c. &c. Nov. 11.



VOLUME I.

POETRY.

BLUE DEVIL.

Ye saucy elves, whose'er
Or blue, or black I do see,
I will not have you dance
About my noddles,
Some call you "Fapours,"
But of all the grimester
Which men afflict with blots,
Ye are the foremen.

Fay, Mr. Blue Devil, when
From your own smoky, still
Where sinners' ghosts, and
Just like yourself

When men are airy castles
When they their golden
And to their golden fancies
Ye crack their vision

Your gloom, ye mingle with
Ye woe their joys, with
And make men think the
A drossy bauble.

When raptures bright the
Close by, with cloyen food,
And with your bloomy lips
(Give them a stabble)

When brisk with wine, the
And full of bliss, ye raise
Such woeal look, and long
Ye fright our counsels

When we with love and pain
Ye will with frightful vision
And bid the villain, faint
In all our goings.

When we the thread of life
And life's sweet honey-cakes
Ye call this sportive game
And clip the thread

No pills or drops will cure
No stones, to dust can even
Nor deadly poison ever t
With pangs of dying

If worthless elf, ye thrust
In, to disturb my sweet rest
I'll bang your head with
That you will rue

I'll raise my cag of "O"
I'll lay it round your ears
That you shall cry enough
Of such like drub

I'll simmer every ounce y
I'll make you sup most
In all the pangs of keenes
"That flesh is hell"

If ye shall near me throw
I'll kick you headlong down
Till you shall wonder at
Of your sad down

And when within my ven
Ye put your pate, a wofe
I'll give your nose, and h
In regions airy.

Like Salem witch, I'll ju
And to a thorny saddle b
Then through earth's rou
Till ye look sorry.

For provender I'll give y
O'er red hot bridges mak
Till ye can neither cheat
As ye are us'd to.

Fly then, Blue Devil—se
Or racks shall set your h
And give your bones a h
With fit of ague.

RECAPITULATION OF

[Concluded from

MEMOIRS OF THE CAMPAIGN

own Army

The effort to open the
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the one under Col. McArt

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On the 15th of August
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British forces, with th
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their head. His letter,

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1824.

Number 24.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

BLUE DEVILS.

Ye saucy elves, whose'er ye are,
Or blue, or black I do not care,
I will not have you dance in air
About my noddie.

Some call you "Fayours," some the "Horror,"
But of all the grimest terrors
Which men afflict with bitter sorrows,
Ye are the foremost.

Fay, Mr. Blue Devil, whence you come?
From your own smoky, stinking home?
Where sinners' ghosts, and such folks roam,
Just like yourself?

When men are airy castles building,
When they their golden joys are gilding,
And to their golden fancies yielding,
Ye crack their visions.

Your gloom, ye mingle with their pleasure;
Ye woe their joys, with fullest measure,
And make men think their shining treasure
A drossy bauble.

When raptures bright the bosom work,
Close by, with cloven foot, ye'll lurk,
And with your bloody little dirk
Give them a stabbing.

When brisk with wine, the dance we're joining,
And full of bliss, ye raised such whining,
Such wail look, and long repining,
Ye fright our conscience.

When we with love and pleasure please us,
Ye will with frightful visions tease us,
And bid the villain, fauce, seize us,
In all our goings.

When we the thread of joy are spinning
And life's sweet honey-comb are winning,
Ye call this sportive game, a sinning,
And clip the thread off.

No pills or drops will cure or kill you,
No stones, to dust can ever mill you,
Nor deadly poison ever thrill you,
With pangs of dying.

If, worthless elf, ye thrust your nose
In, to disturb my sweet repose,
I'll bang your head with such thick blows,
That you will rue it.

I'll seize my cag of "O-be-joyful,"
I'll lay it round your ears so woful,
That you shall cry enough, a maw full
Of such like drubbing.

I'll simmer every ounce your marrow,
I'll make you sup most bitter sorrow
In all the pangs of keenest horror,
That flesh is heir to.

If ye shall near me throw your carcass,
I'll kick you headlong down the staircase
Till you shall wonder at so rare case
Of your sad downfall.

And when within my vengeance wreaking
Ye put your pate, a woful wailing
I'll give your nose, and hang you reeking
In regions airy.

Like Salem witch, I'll jump astride you,
And to a thorny saddle bride you,
Then through earth's roughest tumble ride you,
Till ye look sorry.

For provender I'll give you gravel,
O'er red hot bridges make you travel,
Till ye can neither cheat nor cavil,
As ye are us'd to.

Fly then, Blue Devil—save your bacon,
Or racks shall set your heart to aching,
And give your bones a horrid quaking
With fit ofague.

CIMON.

RECAPITULATION OF HULL'S LETTERS.

[Concluded from our last.]

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

Memoirs of the Campaign of the North West-
ern Army in 1812.

The effort to open the communication by the detachments under Major Vanhorne and Colonel Miller, proving abortive, and before the one under Col. M'Arthur marched, I stated, to some of my principal officers, that from the information I had received, it was evident that the whole force of the enemy, of all descriptions, from the east part of Upper Canada, from Michillimackinac, and from Lake Michigan, were proceeding to join the forces at Malden; that the lake was closed against us; that the road which we had opened from Ohio was obstructed by hostile savages, and that no forces from our country were prepared for its protection; that the provisions were nearly exhausted, and a supply could not be obtained from any quarter; and that, under these circumstances I suggested the expediency of making a movement of the army to the foot of the rapids of the Miami, and there act as circumstances might require. The answer to this was, as appears by Col. Cass' testimony, that the men, or soldiers, did not think such a measure necessary, and if the orders were given they would not be observed.

This circumstance I have repeated to show the materials of which my army was composed, and the difficulties which attended my situation. Had this measure, at that time, been carried into effect, the army probably would have been saved.

On the 15th of August, the day after M'Arthur and Cass marched to the river Raisin, the British forces, with the militia and savages attending them, marched from Malden to Sandwich, opposite to Detroit, with Gen. Brock at their head. His letter, demanding surrender

of Detroit, and my answers have been recited. I immediately sent an express, strongly escorted, to M'Arthur and Cass, with orders to return with all possible expedition to Detroit; stating that Gen. Brock had arrived with the reinforcements from Fort George, &c. &c. My situation had now become most critical. The effective strength of two of my regiments was absent at the river Raisin, for the purpose of opening the communication, and guarding necessary supplies, intended for my camp. The British troops which had composed the garrisons on the east end of the lake, with the reinforcements from the various parts of Upper Canada, had arrived, and, together with the forces at Malden, were now encamped at Sandwich, opposite to Detroit. Information was received, that the Canadian militia were coming upon me from every quarter. The force had been brought from so many necessary points of defence to bear upon my army, I could not imagine. What possible reasons could have induced General Brock to draw his troops from the vital part of his province, and leave his most important posts exposed to be taken by our troops on the Niagara river, was truly mysterious. Could I have supposed that a suspension of hostilities had taken place in that quarter, it seems reasonable that it would have been under the condition for the two belligerent parties to have been confined to that location in which they were situated at the commencement of the truce.

By a reference to the preceding numbers, it will appear, by the letter from the Secretary of War to General Dearborn, that he was commanded by the President to concentrate his troops on the Niagara river, invade Upper Canada from that quarter, attack the enemy's posts, and co-operate with the forces under my command. It will further appear, that he did not carry these orders into effect, but agreed to the armistice which has been mentioned, which must have been authorised by the President, because it was disapproved in the most pointed language. My army not being included in the measure, and, as has been observed, no condition having been made, that the troops should remain in the situation they were, during its continuance, the effect it had on my operations is too evident to be here repeated; it must be considered as the principal and immediate fatal cause of the disasters of the campaign.

After the capitulation, I first learned from the lips of the British commander the true state of the case—that the army of General Dearborn had been eight days in operation, and that that circumstance alone had enabled him to bring such a force against me.

Early in the morning of the 16th August, General Brock landed his force at the Spring Wells, three miles below Detroit, under cover of the guns of his navy. From the date of the facts contained in the two numbers I have mentioned, I presume you must be satisfied, that his effective force was more than three times greater than mine, and that he might have brought to his standard more than ten times my number, before I could have received any assistance. This will appear, from the knowledge of the numbers which originally composed my army, by the killed and wounded in the battles which had been fought, by sickness and a variety of other casualties, and likewise from the return of the Adjutant General, Major Jessup, and the testimony of Colonel Cass. Being at this time not only the General of the Army but the Governor of the Territory, and without instructions, as to the course I should pursue, all the measures were entrusted to my discretion. Being responsible for the safety of the inhabitants, it became my duty, if it was possible, to adopt such measures as would effect that object.

My situation was such, that there was no possibility of affording the inhabitants protection, further than the balls from the cannon in the fort could be carried. Those inhabitants were scattered over a territory of several hundred miles. The savages had invaded every part of this territory, and while the contest lasted, there was nothing which could restrain their barbarity. The work of desolation and cruelty had commenced, and nearly half my effective force was absent, and from the time it had marched and the orders it had received from me, I had reason to believe it was nearly fifty miles distant from me. With the feeble force under my command, I did not believe there was the most distant prospect of success, in the event of a battle; and had the forces at Detroit been defeated, the fate of the detachment under M'Arthur and Cass would have been inevitable. From the information I had received with respect to General Brock's force, there could have been little hope indeed of victory. What was, however, decisive on my mind was, my situation even in a possible event of success over his white force. I should have then been without provisions, as will appear by the evidence contained in my twentieth number; and I had no means of obtaining possession of the enemy's navy, and opening my communication over the lake. It would in this case have become a war with savages, who would have been aided by all the remaining forces of Upper Canada, and the navy on the lake. In addition to the savage force, which was with General Brock, I have

produced evidence to show that several thousands of this description were descending the lakes from the North and from the West. Had my army, however, not been divided, and had the detachment absent with M'Arthur and Cass, equal to about one half of my effective force, been with me, or had I received the least information, that it had been in a situation where, by any possibility, it could have co-operated, I should have risked the consequences of a battle; and those officers would have had an opportunity of proving by their deeds the valor which has been only manifested by their words.

Under the circumstances which existed after the enemy landed, and no information having been obtained from M'Arthur and Cass, I determined to send a flag of truce, open a treaty, and accept the best terms which could be obtained. For this purpose, I authorized two commissioners, Colonels Miller and Brush, to negotiate on the subject.

By the articles of capitulation, protection and safety were secured to the inhabitants of Michigan in their persons and property. All the militia, both of Michigan and Ohio, returned immediately to their homes and none were retained as prisoners excepting the few Regulars consisting then of little over two hundred. This measure, under the circumstances, was dictated in my opinion by a sense of duty and attended with less public calamity than any other which could have been adopted, and I was willing to assume, and in my official communication to the Government took, the whole responsibility of it on myself. It required more firmness and independence than any other act of my life—it was dictated by my best judgment and a conscientious regard to what I believed to be my duty, and I now sincerely rejoice, and there never has been a moment that I have not rejoiced, notwithstanding all I have suffered, that I dared thus independently to do my duty. Had that contest continued, every moment would have been attended with greater disasters, and I availed myself of the only measure in my power to put an end to such calamities. In the capitulation I made no provision for myself, and was ordered to Montreal an unconditional prisoner. A provision was made for all the officers and soldiers of the militia, and they immediately returned to their homes. Col. Cass, taking advantage of my situation after the indulgence I had procured for him, proceeded directly to Washington where he was most graciously received by the administration, and then presented an account of the campaign, before it had been possible for me to have made any communication. This letter, written by himself, giving particular details of events, of which he had no knowledge, as he was absent when they took place, was received by the administration and published as an official account in all the newspapers throughout the United States. Search, fellow citizens, the annals of history, and I am persuaded, such an outrage cannot be found! While I was a prisoner, my other officers, for whose liberation I had provided in the treaty, followed Colonel Cass to Washington, and seeing the favors and patronage he had received by his representations, imitated his example, and were not disappointed in their rewards.

From one end of the continent to the other, the same newspapers which had published Cass' letter, were filled with a series of the most scandalous falsehoods to excite your resentment against me, and before I was exchanged, and yet a prisoner, the plot, which is unfolded in my 29th number by the letter of the Secretary of War to General Dearborn, was sealed for my final destruction. As soon as General Dearborn could make arrangements for my exchange, I was arrested, capital charges were preferred against me, and a Court Martial was ordered to assemble at Philadelphia for my trial, of which Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton was appointed the President. In conformity to the orders of the President, I appeared, ready for my trial. But without any reasons being assigned, this Court Martial was dissolved in the manner I have stated. I was continued by the administration a prisoner in arrest another year, that ample time might be afforded for selecting such a Court Martial, and patronising and promoting officers, who, in their testimony, would give opinions which would effect the object of the plot, which had been formed. After thus remaining a prisoner for this length of time, which I believe is unexampled in military history, and every preparation being made, I was ordered to appear at Albany for my trial the beginning of January, 1814. At this Court Martial I requested the privilege of being heard by Counsel. The Court denied me such aid. In the progress of the trial, the opinions of witnesses were admitted as evidence to prove entire charges against me. The character of these witnesses has been fully shown. They were officers of no military knowledge or experience, and many of them deeply interested in the event of the trial, and had nothing to recommend them but the patronage and promotion they had received immediately after my unfortunate campaign, but previously to their appearing to testify against me.

The Court Martial of which General Dearborn was President, was selected the 7th day of November, 1813, during the administration of John Armstrong over the Department of War, and this Court was not dissolved until the first

of March, or the beginning of April, 1814. Thus was established a new military precedent, and it must be recorded in the history of our country, that the commander in chief of the American army, at a most critical period of the war, for about four months, relinquished his high duties as commanding General, and performed subordinate duties on a Court Martial, to which the youngest General in the army was competent. The question will naturally arise, what motive could have induced so unprecedented an arrangement? A constant correspondence was kept up between the Court Martial and the Secretary of War, and directions were given respecting the manner of proceeding. See appendix to my trial, page 29. In some of the public newspapers, it is said I am ungrateful for the lenity which Mr. Madison, the President, has shown me. As I never asked him or the Court Martial for mercy, but only for justice, I cannot feel under any obligations to either. The truth is, fellow citizens, the administration well knew your independent spirit and sense of right, and dared not execute that sentence, which injustice had pronounced. The Secretary was the same John Armstrong, who has the reputation of having commenced his career at Newburg, 1783, and ended it at Bladensburg, in 1814! The two events here alluded to are well known and must make a part of the history of our country. The one will be the highest credit to the virtue and unshaken patriotism of the revolutionary army, in resisting a most artful and insidious attempt to induce them to turn those arms against their country which had been employed in acquiring its independence. The other must stand as a monument of disgrace to those to whom the protection of the country was entrusted, and particularly to the officer at the head of the department of War, at whose disposal was placed the forces and means of national safety.

After I received the order to invade the enemy's territory, all the operations were entrusted to my discretion. This discretion was exercised according to my best judgment. The dictates of duty alone influenced my conduct. Had I consulted my feelings alone, and not been guided by this principle, I should have pursued a very different course. To perform what I then believed and what I now believe to have been my duty, it was necessary to call into exercise more firmness and more energy, than on any other occasion during my life. If it will be any satisfaction to my enemies, I am now willing to acknowledge, that I dare not do that which my best judgment and duty forbid. Considerations of personal fame, compared to duty, were as a feather in one scale to a mountain in the other.

My respect, fellow citizens, for your discernment and judgment, induces me to leave the application of the facts and evidence, contained in the preceding numbers to your own deliberations; with my sincere thanks for the candor which has been already manifested, I am, with affection and respect, your fellow citizen.

WILLIAM HULL.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

"How to Escape from a Mad Bull. If the bull pursues, throw yourself down on all fours, chuck the flap of your coat over your head, and utter a loud shout; the bull will turn on his heels, and the fight will be mutual; as to tame cows, the trick may be played with impunity; they will dance off in ludicrous curves, whisking their tails in the air, as if a bunch of nettles were close thereby abiding."

Upon these instructions the editor of the London John Bull received the subjoined letter:

"MONDAY, Sept. 6, 1824.

"DEAR JOHN—I have just read with great pleasure and edification an article in the Courier of Saturday last, which, I dare say has not escaped your notice; it is entitled, 'How to Escape from a Mad Bull.' But the instructions appear to me to be rather incomplete; for supposing the plan to have been adopted, and the body brought into the horizontal position therein recommended, it does not say which end of it is to be turned towards the bull; I presume it should be the head, for (having been bred a soldier) I think it would be very unwise to expose your rear to the enemy while both that and your flanks were uncovered. In cases of such importance as the safety of our fellow-creatures, the directions should be full and clear leaving nothing open to doubt or conjecture. Another omission is of still greater importance; the advice, as it is there worded seems intended only for men, but as the fair sex are equally liable to the danger, it is surely ungentlemanly and unkind not to think of them; and therefore I wish to ask, through your widely circulated paper, whether the writer would recommend the same mode to the ladies, and if not, that he would suggest some other, equally easy and efficacious, for their sakes. It is but the other day that we read of a countess and her sister being in great danger from the attack of a bull; that, indeed, was said to have been an Indian bull, but it is not long since an English bull, that was neither mad nor vicious, although he could not be called quite a tame one, made a run at a Queen, to the great terror of her Majesty and all her friends, and could she have escaped him by the mode advised in the Courier, I doubt not it would have been adopted without hesitation. I remain, dear John, yours sincerely, PAT."

In a pleasant little village in New-England lived two brothers, Edward and Henry. Although their dispositions were in many respect

"Respecting my farm (to answer your request) it is five years ago last April since I made the contract; I agreed to pay \$300 and the interest which has amounted to a considerable sum. I have paid \$50 a year, and I think I have been tolerably prudent, for I had only about \$50 due to me when I purchased, and now, very often, when I think of it, it makes me tremble to think what an undertaking it is."

from the papers, it is now pretty generally believed, that Adams, Jackson and Crawford will go into the House of Representatives as the Constitutional candidates. The official returns, however, may show the result to be different.

City Herald. In a part of our last week's impression in the article noticing the sentence of the Supreme Court, held at Salem, against Benj. Ozgood, Esq., slandering the character of Miss Sophia W. Bodwell one cypher too many occurred. The fine should have read \$1300 instead of \$10000.

CORRESPONDENCE. We thank "Oith me" for her letter, addressed to a sister. "They shall appear next week. We hope she will still favor us with reproductions of her songs."

while the lady occupied another part of the house. As was anticipated, in the silence of the midnight hour, the window of the apartment was raised, and the body of a man protruded about half its length into the room. At this critical juncture, while the intruder was struggling to gain entrance to the chamber, the involuntary feelings of our friend the Quaker were excited into exercise. He calmly arose from his bed, and determined to render every assistance in his power to the struggling wight by the hair, and exposed in the enthusiastic fervor of his own cause. "Friend, I'll help thee!" Now, whether the man was a premeditated signal—as was the case with the German and the Jew—was, of course, not to be ascertained. But as it may, however, our hero's antagonist, who was stationed without the window, in the instant alarm, clung to the heels of his intruder, and endeavored to extricate him from his perilous situation. And now, had some mischievous person, who was a lover of fun, he might have presented, to his heart's content, to see a Quaker

est 17. It happened that the old
Obliged to chastise the child of

MISCELLANIES.

THESE written by the Right Hon. George Canning, when a young man, and placed by him on the table of a young lady on the morning of her marriage, and having a few days before, presented him with a picture of Fluffy, to make a pair of shooting breeches.

When all, on this auspicious day,
Well pleased, their grateful homage pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say
A thousand pleasant speeches,
My Muse shall touch her tuneful strings,
Nor scorn the gifts her duty brings,
A pair of shooting breeches.

Soon shall the tailor's mystic art,
Have fashioned them in every part,
And made them tight, and spruce, and smart,
With twenty thousand stitches:
Then mark the moral of my song,
Oh, may your loves but prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long,
As these my shooting breeches.

And when to each this load of life,
I take myself a wife,
I ask not rank nor riches:
Temper like thine alone I pray—
Temper like thine, serene and gay,
Inclined, like thine, to give away,
Not wear thyself the breeches.

THE DEXTEROUS EVASION.

The father was just on the very last stair
Toward the room of his son, when of damsels a pair
Escaped by the opposite door;
While the youth had just time to lay hold of a book,
And in it (assuming a sanctified look)
He began most intently to pore,
When the father beheld him, cried he overjoyed,
"To see you, dear Richard, so wisely employed
Your affectionate father much pleases:
But what were you reading—your Blackstone?"

"Why no sir—"

"I was only beguiling an hour or so, sir."

"But with what?" "Why, some fugitive pieces."

HUFFEY WHITE.

It was the beginning of the year 1821, that,
For my sins, I was travelling in the north mail
To Lincoln. My companion was a scion of a
noble stock, and a *sed distant* invalid: so tenacious
of descent, that as Boniface said of his ale,
he eat, drank, slept, lived, and died upon his
"family"; and was withal one of those tiresome,
presiding, disconsolate, hearty old bachelors who
are addicted with more diseases than the Col-
lege of Physicians is acquainted with. Our
only other fellow passenger was eloquent in
silence; for we heard his voice for the first
time, when we parted at Market Harborough,
where he wished Mr. Plantagenet better
health, satirically adding, that he "blessed God
he had a good constitution, and no nonsense
about him."

An influx of strangers, arising from a county
election, obliged us to put up with a double-
bedded room. Mr. P. had taken his nightly al-
lowance—a posset, some caudle, and a basin of
water-gruel—had arranged his toast and wa-
ter on one side, and his lemonade on the other—
had applied hot bottles to his feet, and warm
pillows to his head—and having exhausted every
waiter within his reach, was at last in a
state of quiescence, when a thundering rap was
heard at the door. "You can't come in," said
Mr. P. faintly, from under the clothes, as he
saw me about to unbar the door; "the cold air,
he observed, in a smothered voice—"would
be fatal to me at this time of night." "You
can't come in," he repeated in a shriller key.
"But we will," was reiterated outside. "You
will! what drunken vagabond is this? Fellow,
do you know?" "Don't jabber to us, you old
sinner; but unbolt the door." "God bless me!"
cried the hypochondriac, "can I believe my
ears? An old sinner! There must be some
mistake which we'll burst the panels,"
interrupted the assailants. "Oh! this is un-
bearable. Give me my flannel gown—I'll
leave the inn instantly." "Force the door,
Jack, I say—me force the door, or the
old one will get off." And, our assailants suit-
ing lustily the action to the word, the staples
gave way with a crash—two constables entered
with a warrant—desired my unfortunate friend
to surrender—and instantly appear before a
magistrate.

"Gentlemen," said the Honorable Athelstan,
with all the dignity he could assume in his
nightcap, "this may be an excellent joke to
you; but I happen to be a man of influence,
and I tell you shall repent it. It is clear
you don't know me." "Oh but we do; and a
devil of a chase you have given us. So now
turn out." "If I don't have you tried for as-
sault and battery, at the Old Bailey, may I never
sleep again," replied Athelstan. At this
juncture I interposed, and discovered, with
amazement, that my illustrious allied friend
had been taken to be Hufley White; that a warrant
had been issued against him in that character;
and that it was indispensably necessary he
should forthwith appear before Colonel Claver-
ing, the County Magistrate. I see him stand-
ing before me, as I, with the utmost difficulty,
explained the circumstance. I seem again to
witness his astonishment; his obstinacy in de-
claring it impossible. "I won't believe it! A
man of my station in life—of my connexions—
of my appearance—and he sat bolt upright in
bed—to be taken for a highwayman! 'Tis out
of the course of nature—and he took a draught
of lemonade." "Hardly sweet enough—so—
good people—he resumed—from this place I
went sir. Were I not in bed, I'd soon—how-
ever, I shall to-morrow avenge this insult, and
with the law my aggressors. Settle it
with them, I observed to me—settle it
with them," and carefully closing the curtains,
he turned on his other side, and disappeared
in the feather bed.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Blow me, if that's had—
and the first constable—but it won't do, old
one, it won't do. This is a fifty guinea job;

and I've think we're such *flats* when we have
you so snug, as to let you slip tether for a bit
of blarney? No, no. Come, Jack—and they
simultaneously tore off the clothes, and placed
the Duke of Cardigan's cousin bolt upright on
his legs in the middle of the apartment. My in-
terference was again indispensable. Plantagenet
suffered himself to be dressed in silence; and
I, having previously prepared myself docu-
ments for rectifying the mistake, accompanied
him and his attendant constables to the magis-
trate's. Hufley was speechless. Even con-
cern for his health, and his natural dread of a
draught were forgotten. He looked around
him, occasionally with the air of a man awak-
ing from a painful dream, but not a sound es-
caped him. On our arrival at Colonel Claver-
ing's, a few minutes' conversation, and the pro-
duction of some papers, soon rescued the noble
Athelstan from the charge of being a footpad.
It appeared, that after committing various ro-
beries in the neighborhood, the County Magis-
trates had ascertained Hufley to have quitted
London by the Leicester mail—that a warrant
had been issued out against him in consequence—
and that the same description applying to both
parties, my hapless friend had been apprehended
for the hardy highwayman. Beyond doubt,
our silent fellow passenger, 'who had no non-
sense about him,'—had been Hufley White.

Many and sincere apologies were made for
the mistake; but Mr. P. resolutely declared he
should never survive it. "At my time of life!"
—a man of my family to be taken for a com-
mon footpad!—Say no more; my death war-
rant is sealed. Neither argument nor rillery,
could remove the impression—You are very
good, was his reply to a hope Colonel Claver-
ing had expressed they should meet again,
and often hereafter—but—and his counte-
nance assumed most a dolorous expression—I am
now bound upon my last journey. Our hospita-
ble host detained us that night, and the next
morning Mr. P. resumed his route. But he was
still haunted by the same idea. When in his
carriage, he replied, with a wave of his white
handkerchief, to some *badinage* from his fair
hostess, respecting a future Mrs. Plantagenet—
"Many thanks, Madam—but earthly feelings are
at rest with me. I am hastening to a world—
(his voice went off in a quaver)—where there
is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.
Colonel Clavering, farewell! You look for
the last time on Athelstan Plantagenet. All is
over. Drive on."

The gentle reader, perhaps, will smile at
hearing, that *maladie imaginaire* very shortly
had her triumph. Whether cold, over-exer-
tion, excited feelings, or hypochondriacism, pro-
duced the event, is uncertain: but a few weeks
afterwards the County paper announced the
death, at the mansion of his noble relative, of
the honorable Athelstan Plantagenet, uncle to
the late, and cousin to the present, Duke of
Cardigan; M. A., F. R. S., F. L. S.—and think-
I-to-myself, A. S. S. Time, however, and the
cares of maturer life had almost effaced the
circumstance from my recollection, till on pass-
ing through Northampton, I was shown, in
the corner of a country church-yard, Hufley
White's grave. It is on record, that this ter-
ror to nervous ladies and elderly gentlemen,
after his last exploit of robbing the North
mail, was tried, condemned, and executed, in
this very town; and, afterwards, by the en-
trearies of his friends, (who for many nights
watched around his grave,) buried in the
church-yard of Saint-Giles, the parish in which
the goal is situated. To the last, the same
daring, reckless spirit displayed itself; which
characterized him through life. On his way to
execution, he snatched an orange from the
basket of a woman who stood near the foot of
the gallows; and on the platform replied to
the devotions of his fellow-sufferer, "Come,
look sharp; let's be off!"

The corner is almost concealed from public
gaze, and wholly appropriated to the remains
of malefactors. The spot is lonely and quiet;
the grass grows green and fresh over his grave;
but Superstition has cast her halo around it;
and the peasant, in the hour of twilight, will
take any other path, than that which runs be-
side it; will whistle, will sing, will fix his eye
on any object, however distant and uninterest-
ing; and he feels happy and relieved, when he
leaves the spot behind him, where, beneath the
soil moulder the remains of this Prince of Foot-
pads.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION.

The following article is copied from Graham's
descriptive sketches of Vermont.—It is an excel-
lent story and believed to be a true one, and
will furnish amusement to most persons who
have not before seen it.

"The farmer in question, was a plain pious
man, regular in the discharge of his duty both
to God and his neighbor; but, unluckily, he
happened to live near one with whom he was
not inclined to cultivate either civil or friendly
terms. This troublesome personage was no
other than a monstrous overgrown he bear,
that descended from the mountains, trod down
and destroyed the corn fields, and carried off
whatever he laid his paws upon. The plundered
sufferer watched him in vain, the ferocious and
cunning animal, ever finding methods to elude
his utmost vigilance; and, at last, it had learned
its cue so thoroughly, as only to commit its de-
predations on the Lord's day, when it knew from
experience, the coast was clear.—Wearied
out with these oft repeated trespasses, the good
man resolved, on the next Sunday, to stay in
the fields, where with his gun, he concealed
himself. The bear came according to custom—
he fired and shot it dead. The explosion
threw the whole congregation, (for it was about
the hour of people's assembling to worship),
into consternation. The cause was inquired
into: as soon as the pastor, deacon and elders

became acquainted with it, they called a special
meeting of the church and cited their offending
brother before them, to show cause, if any he
had, why he should not be excommunicated out
of Christ's church for his daring impiety. In
vain did he urge from the scriptures themselves
that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day;
he pleaded before judges determined to condemn
him; and the righteous parson, elders and
church, viva voce, agreed to drive him out
from amongst them, as polluted and accursed.—
Accordingly he was enjoined, (as is customary
on such occasions,) on the next Sunday to attend
his excommunication in the church. He did
attend—but not entirely satisfied with the justice
of the sentence, and too much of a soldier to be
scandalized in so public a manner, for an action
which he conceived to be his duty, he resolved
to have recourse to stratagem; he therefore
went to the appointment with his gun, loaded
with a brace of balls, his sword and cartridge
box by his side, and his knapsack on his back,
with six day's provision in it.

Service was about half over when he entered
the sanctuary. He marched leisurely into a
corner and took his position. As soon as the
benediction was ended, the holy parson began
his excommunication; but scarce had he pro-
nounced the words "offending brother," when
the honest veteran cocked and levelled his wea-
pon of destruction, at the same time crying out
with a loud voice, "proceed if you dare—pro-
ceed if you are a dead man!" At this unex-
pected attack, the astonished clergyman shrunk
behind his desk, and his opponent, with great
deliberation recovered his arms. Some mo-
ments elapsed before the parson had courage to
peep from his ecclesiastical battery; when
finding the old hero had come to a rest, he
tremblingly reached the order to the eldest
deacon, desiring him to read it. The deacon
with stammering accents and eyes starting with
afright, began as he was commanded; but
no sooner had he done so, than the devoted
victim again levelled his piece, and more ve-
hemently than before, exclaimed, "desist and
march—I will not live with shame—desist and
march I say, or you are all dead men!" Little
need had he to repeat his threats—the man of
God leaped from his desk and escaped; the
deacon, elders and congregation, followed in
equal trepidation, the greatest confusion pre-
vailed, the women, with shrieks and cries,
sought their homes—and the victor was left
unstartled, master of the field and of the church
too, the doors of which he calmly locked, put
the keys in his pocket, and sent them with his
respects to his pastor. He then marched
home with all the honors of war, lived thirteen
years afterwards and died a brother in full com-
munion; declaring to the last, (amongst his
inmates) that he never tasted so great a dainty
before."

History of Job.—We should learn from the
history of Job, not to judge and condemn others
because they are poor, or sick, or under any
calamity. Afflictions are no proof of a person's
being wicked and forsaken by God. "Whom
the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth
every son whom he receiveth."

The example of Job teaches us to employ our-
selves and our wealth in doing good to others,
according to their various necessities. He was
eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, a father
to the poor, a refuge to the stranger, the defender
of the oppressed, the comforter of the widow,
and the protector of him that had none to help
him. They who are rich in this world, should
be "rich in good works, ready to give, glad to
distribute."

It teaches us also in all our afflictions, to be
resigned to the will of our heavenly Father, and
to rely upon him with full trust and confidence.
"What?" says Job, "shall we receive good
at the hand of God and shall we not receive
evil? The Lord gave, and the Lord hath tak-
en away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

A few months ago, a pious woman brought
her child to me, to request I would dedicate
it to the Lord. I did so; and after imploring
his blessing upon the child and its parents, I
addressed them, especially the mother, and
concluded in these words, "You now, my friends,
have given this dear child to God our Saviour;
you have dedicated it to him; if he should take
it from you, remember what you have now
done; do not be angry with him!" Time
passed away, and a few days since, I rode with
the poor mother in a mourning coach; the
child was gone! Her anguish for the loss of the
dear babe was very great;—many a thoughtless
passenger said, "it was only an infant going
to be buried;" but it was the mother's darling,
the desire of her eyes, her all. "Ah, Sir," said
she, wringing her hands a thousand times,
"when the child was ill, I thought of your
words, 'Don't be angry if the Lord takes what he
willeth.' Oh, no; Oh, no; but I feel it very
difficult to leave it in the grave. I did give it
to him; and, blessed be his name, he takes
but what he gave. I do not murmur; but
I do feel."

The mother had nursed her babe with all
a mother's fondness, and had caught its disease,
the measles. In a few days after the funeral
of her child, the sickness appeared, and so
much altered her features, that had I seen her
any where except in her own house, I should
not have known her. After laying some days
in this state, with a half suffocated voice she
pointed with her hand to heaven and made
signs that she was ready to follow her child;
but upon some hopes of her recovery being
expressed, she said, with uncommon eagerness,
"Pray, pray for me, that I may be restored to
my thing; that I may tell to every body not to

put off the important concerns of their souls
till they are taken ill. Oh, it is enough to
bear the pain even when the mind is supported.
Now, now is the accepted time; now is the
day of salvation!"—From that hour she became
worse, and found death rapidly coming upon
her. She then, with composure, gave some
directions concerning her funeral, and after
lingering some days, rejoicing in God her
Saviour, she departed hence, to dwell with him
forever.

She requested that she might be interred in
the same grave with her child; her wish was
complied with. The grave was prepared for
the mother, and the little one placed on her
bosom. From her it had received life, and to
her it had imparted death!—Reader, be ye also
ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the
son of man cometh. S. K.

From "L'Histoire des Chiens celebres." THE CULPRIT'S DOG.

One of the early historians has transmitted
to us a beautiful trait of attachment on the part
of a dog towards his master, Sulpitius. This
man, owner of an immense fortune had been
condemned to capital punishment for an atro-
cious crime. Abandoned by his friends, be-
trayed by his relations, who were covetous of
his estate, he had, during a long imprisonment,
no other society than that of a large and faithful
Spaniel.

Very often the conduct of brutes puts to
shame that of mankind. After a long captivity,
Sulpitius was condemned to death.—In this
terrible crisis, which so much needs consolation,
his faithful dog alone adhered to him. Of his
flatterers who praised his prosperous fortunes—
of all who had enjoyed his beneficence—no
one was present to extend a friendly hand,
or to speak a word of commiseration in this
awful extremity.

They conducted Sulpitius, to the place of
execution. As the dog knew not the sad
catastrophe which awaited its master, it re-
mained tranquilly with them on the scaffold.—
But when the poor animal beheld his head fall
under the edge of the axe, and his blood stream-
ing around, he was no longer the same—he
became furious, leaped upon the executioner,
and wished to tear him to pieces.

In those days at least, men had not arrived at
that state of barbarism which happily no
longer exists. One could not then hear with-
out shuddering the account of massacres orga-
nized in the name of the law; nor could any
one then tolerate as in the days of the revolu-
tion in France, the judicial murder of age and
of beauty, of innocence and of youth. Far from
doing any injury to the faithful dog who desired
to revenge his master's death, they left him at
his side, tried to appease his rage and fur-
nished him with food of which he would not
partake.

The dog at length took the morsels which
were thrown to him, and turning to the body of
Sulpitius, did every thing that he could to in-
troduce them into his mouth; not being able
to do so, he howled piteously.

According to the custom of the Romans in
those days, the body of the criminal was carried
to the Tiber. When they threw it into the
river, the dog at the same moment jumped in,
and followed it as well as its strength would
allow. The inconceivable creature swam under
the body of its master, struggling to raise it
above the surface of the water, and died in
the attempt to bring it back to the shore.

An Irish gentleman was in company with a young
lady, to whom he was paying his addresses, when on
giving a shudder, she made use of the common ex-
pression, that "some one was walking over her grave."
Faint, anxious for every opportunity of paying a com-
pliment to his mistress, he exclaimed—"By the power,
Madam, but I wish I was the happy man."

A mechanic who kept a number of apprentices,
whose wife did not possess the beauty of Helen, was
very strict in meal time devotion; it happened one
day at dinner that the husband was absent; the wife
looking round and seeing no one at the table to say
grace, she thus addressed the oldest apprentice—
"I ohn, since your master is absent, I believe you
must supply his place." "Thank you, madam," says
John, "I had rather sleep with the boys."

A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old
woman and thus accosted: "So, sir, you have got
some of the fruits of matrimony?" "Softly, softly, old
lady," (said he), "you mistake—this is merely the
fruit basket."

An Irishman being in market was solicited by a
merchant to buy some codfish, he inquired the price
and was told \$2.25. He replied, "I shan't give that
price, for I can purchase them nearer home for the
same price quintal and all."

When the Irish King at arms waited on the
Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to Parliament,
which was a ceremony requiring the formality of the
heraldic attire, the bishop's servant, not knowing
what to make of his appearance, and not clearly com-
prehending the title with which his memory was
charged, introduced him, saying, "My Lord, here is
the King of Trumps."

A fat gentleman relating in company an accident
he met with through the negligence of his servants
driving, said the chaise was overturned, and himself
thrown into a ditch. "Ah! ah!" (said one of the
company) I know you cleared it. "I cleared it!" the
devil, (replied the other) I said I was flung into it."
"To be sure you were—that is when you were
flung into it, every thing flew out of it."

Rustic Courtship.—At a rustic merry making, a
boy was sent facing Patty, enamoured of her beauty,
and stung by the arrows of the little god, he then
ventured his passion in sly looks, and now and then
touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table.
Patty, either fearful that the purity of her hose might
be soiled, or determined to make the youth express
a passion which he appeared so warmly to feel, at
length exclaimed with spirit, "If you love me, why
tell me so; but don't dirty my stockings!"

An Irishman having resided some time in America,
met with one of his countrymen, directly from Cork,
and invited him to go and get a few peaches, and
sprang up into the peach tree; it being very dark, and
hearing them fall, began to feel round for the fruit
took hold of a twig, and with some difficulty swallow-
ed it down, cried out—"Countryman, how peaches
taste?" "No, you fool,"—"Then by my shoal, I have
swallowed a straw sticking."



VOLUME I.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday

The President of the United States, this day, to both Houses of Congress, the following MESSAGE:

When Citizens of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives.

THE view which I have now to present to you, is one of the most sanguine anticipations, which the public prosperity, whole, or growth, as a nation, can ever have; it is the State of the same gratifying spectacle is the pause over the vast territory which has been great, without indicating sections from which the emigrant population in every quarter, related to our happy system of Government, the bond of union with the Experience of industry, proceed, inseparable from such vast domain, other systems might have a repel, not fail to produce, with us, the opposite effect. What one per cent may supply, and this will be the parts most distant from each other, a domestic market, and an at- tention the extremes, and through our Union. Thus, by a happy co- operation between the National and State Governments, which rest exclusively on the People, and are fully adequate, poses for which they were re- quired, which might otherwise ment, operate powerfully to draw in every other circumstance, a total state of our Union, must be our constituents. Our relations are of a friendly character, al- though differences remain unsettled, revenue, under the mild sys- tem, continues to be adequate, the Government. Our agricul- ture, and navigation, flourish- ing, are advancing in the degree, appropriations, to maturity; and in the augmentation of the Navy, ed for it by law. For these ble, mighty God, from whom we deriv- ound reverence, our most grate- ful acknowledgments.

In advertising to our relations, which are always an object of the I have to remark, that of the I have brought into discussion, the present Administration, some have terminated, others have been sum- mated heretofore, under circum- stances, and others are still in the hope that they may be ad- justed to the interests and the respective parties. It has been the object of this Government, to cher- ish relations with every power, and conditions which might make systematic effort has been made, to settle with each power, on a for- mality, to settle with each, in a liberality, all existing differences, and remove, so far as it might, causes of future variance.

It having been stipulated by the Convention of Navigation and Commerce, concluded on the twenty- fourth and twenty-two, between the United States and France, that we in force for two years, from that year, and for an indefinite less one of the parties should re- nounce it, in which event, the rate at the end of six months, and, no such intention having been Convention having been renewed, it has since remained, in force. At the time when that, concluded, many interesting sub- jects, and particularly our claim to which were committed on our wars. For these interests and contemplation of the parties, it was concluded, by a more con- sultative Treaty. The object has been accomplished. It is hoped that unity will present itself, for which may embrace and arrange, and every other concern, common interest, upon the ac- king of France, in event which the close of the last Session of Congress, on the same footing that it rests on the Convention of one and fifteen, the commerce bet- ween the United States and the British dominions, in India, was arranged on a pri- vate Convention was confined, three, with slight exceptions, for the term of ten years, from one thousand eight hundred of the latter. The trade with the West Indies, has not, since the Convention, been inter- rupted, or otherwise, to our ad- vantage, to that result has been, whereby many parties in de- fiance, were removed. An op- portunity has been manifested on the part of the commerce with the British Government, seeking, and its importance to long accede to it.

The Commissioners who adjustment of the boundary, the U. S. and those of Great Britain, the Treaty of Ghent, their decision, and both go to establish that boundary between them, it is hoped that adjusted in that mode. The sixth article has been of the commissioners. For that provided for by the